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the sister's summoning:

spoilers for TBC darkness within: - this scene covers the part when the sisters try to find bramblestars ghost, but find the ghosts of all the other dead cats who have not made it to starclan.

Narrator (whispering, terrified):

"Okay... okay... so, um, I don't even know how to explain what I'm seeing right now. This group of cats—this cult, apparently—just started yowling in unison. It's like some kind of summoning ritual. Yes, you heard me. A summoning ritual. They're chanting and pawing at the ground, and—oh no, what's that?! What is happening?"

(Camera zooms in on Rootspring, trembling in the center of the circle.)

Narrator (panicking):

"There's one in the middle—they've got him surrounded! He's... glowing? And shaking? Is he okay? Do I call someone? Animal control? A vet? An exorcist?! I didn't sign up for this!"

(The Sisters chant louder, their voices merging into an eerie, otherworldly howl.)

Narrator (nervously laughing):

"Ha... haha... oh, good. They're summoning spirits now. Sure. Why not? What's next, fireballs? Wait—oh my god. They're actually doing it. I can see them! *GHOSTS.* There are ACTUAL GHOSTS. Am I hallucinating? Did I eat something weird?"

(The clearing fills with translucent shapes of cats, their pelts shimmering in the moonlight. Some are crouched low, their fur spiked, their eyes black and hollow.)

Narrator (horrified):

"They're everywhere. EVERYWHERE. I don't know what these cats have been doing, but they've somehow ripped open the veil between the living and the dead. This isn't cute or quirky anymore. This is apocalyptic. I'm pretty sure this could work on humans, and now I'm imagining *zombie people armies.* This is bad. This is so, so bad."

(Tree cries out in terror from the edge of the clearing.)

Narrator:

"Even their weird hippie cat (you know, the one I talked about in my last video)—the one who looks like he listens to whale sounds—is freaking out! He's yelling something, but I don't speak cat! Is he saying, 'Oh no, what have we done?' Yes, hippie cat, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

(A white-and-orange ghost cat locks eyes with Rootspring. Its lips draw back in a snarl, eyes narrowed in agonized slits.)

Narrator:

"Holy—what is that? That one looks MAD. Like, 'burn down your house and haunt you forever' mad. Why does it look like it's in pain? Are the cats torturing ghosts now?! Is this how it ends? With ghost armies overthrowing humanity because of a bunch of chanting cats in the woods?"

(The ghost lets out a tortured scream, making the living cats flinch and shrink back.)

Narrator (flinching):

"Nope. Nope, nope, nope. That's the sound of something that should not exist. Can we get a priest? A shaman? A spray bottle of holy water?!"

(Rootspring, trembling, yowls something at the ghost.)

Narrator (shaking):

"I don't know what he's saying, but it looks desperate. Oh, now he's

asking questions. Questions?! Buddy, they're ghosts. They're angry. Maybe don't interrogate them!"

(A yellow-eyed ghost opens its mouth, emitting a piercing wail instead of words.)

Narrator (screaming):

"What is THAT?! Why is it screaming?! Why can't it TALK?! Someone needs to stop this ritual before they summon something worse—like a demon cat. Oh, wait. I think they already DID."

(The living cats glance nervously at one another, clearly shaken. Squirrelflight pushes through the crowd, shouting something.)

Narrator:

"Okay, there's the red one again—let's call her Stressed Mom. She looks like she's trying to find someone. I don't know who, but I hope it's a better decision-maker than this group of ghost-worshippers!"

(The camera zooms out as the clearing fills with more spirits, their hissing and wails growing louder.)

Narrator (whispering):

"I need to get out of here. These cats are way too powerful. First, they summon ghosts. Then, they take over the forest. What's next? World domination? Humans don't stand a chance."

(Camera cuts off abruptly as the narrator scrambles away from the scene, muttering about needing to warn humanity.)

Scene 1: Grudge Queen vs. Buff Villain (Ivypool vs. Hawkfrost)

warning: this cahpter and the next 2 chapters contain spoilers for the final battle that takes place in OotS.

Narrator (whispering):
"Okay, folks, I've stumbled into another cat fight. And when I say fight, I mean a *literal* fight. This gray one—Grudge Queen—is facing off against some sort of... hulking tabby ghost cat. Look at those muscles! I'm calling him Buff Villain. Why is he glowing?! Why are *they both glowing?!*"

(Ivypool lunges at Hawkfrost, claws flashing. Hawkfrost dodges and slams her to the ground.)
Narrator (gasping):
"Oh no! Grudge Queen's down! But she's still hissing, even though he's got her pinned. Is this cat fearless or just bad at self-preservation?!"

(Out of nowhere, a dark ginger cat bolts into the fray and tackles Hawkfrost.)
Narrator:
"Wait—what's this?! Who's the new one? It's another glowing cat! A red one this time. Oh, she's MAD. I'm calling her... Angry Emo. She's tiny, but she just body-slammed Buff Villain like a freight train. Is that allowed?!"

(Hawkfrost turns and strikes at Hollyleaf, who shoves Ivypool out of the way and takes the blow herself.)
Narrator:
"Oh no, Angry Emo just took the hit! She's down! Grudge Queen is making a lot of noise—she sounds upset—but Buff Villain looks way too smug for my liking. Is he... laughing? Can ghost cats even laugh?!"

(A small, scruffy blue-gray cat runs onto the scene, dragging what

appears to be a pile of leaves in his mouth.)
Narrator:
"And now here comes Grandpa Blind, armed with... foliage? What is he planning to do with a pile of leaves? I don't think this is the time for herbal tea, Grandpa!"

(Jayfeather bends over Hollyleaf, frantically applying the leaves to her wounds.)
Narrator:
"Wait. Is he... is he a *medic*? Oh, that makes sense. But why is he yelling at Grudge Queen while doing it? Poor Angry Emo looks like she's giving some dramatic farewell speech. This is way too much drama for one battle."

Scene 2: Buff Gold vs. Other Angry Emo (Lionblaze vs. Breezepelt)

(Camera pans to a golden tabby squaring off against a wiry black tom with wild, furious eyes.)
Narrator:
"Okay, here's another fight. Big, shiny gold cat versus another angry cat. Let's call him Other Angry Emo. He's got the same rage vibes as the last one, but this one looks like he's powered by pure spite and a bad attitude. looks like he's been fueled entirely by caffeine and bad decisions. This is going to be intense. Meanwhile, Buff Gold looks like he eats three full breakfasts a day and bench-presses tree trunks."

(Breezepelt charges at Lionblaze, swiping wildly, but Lionblaze doesn't even flinch.)
Narrator (awed):
"Did... did that cat just tank a direct hit? Other Angry Emo is going full Tasmanian devil on him, and Buff Gold is standing there like he's made of concrete. What is this guy made of?!"

"WHOA! Buff Gold just yeeted Other Angry Emo like he weighs nothing. Oh, but he's back up now. Is he saying something? Or just hissing? Are they... trash-talking each other? I wish I knew what they were saying. Probably something like, 'Your dad eats dog kibble!'"

(The two cats clash again, rolling across the ground in a flurry of claws and fur.)
Narrator (nervous):
"This is getting wild. They're like a spinning ball of claws and rage. Buff Gold is glowing, and Other Angry Emo looks like he's about to

spontaneously combust. What is going ON with these cats?!"

Scene 3&4: The Final Showdown (Firestar vs. Tigerstar)

(Camera focuses on Firestar standing across from Tigerstar. The skeletal tabby towers over him, his pelt wreathed in shadows.)
Narrator (whispering):
"Okay, here we go. This orange guy—Ginger Dad—is facing off against... oh no. It's that giant skeleton tabby again. I've seen him before. Wait. Didn't he murder angry emo? How did he get here? Or am I seeing double? Anyway, Let's call him Ghost Beefcake. This is going to be BAD."

(Tigerstar growls and leaps at Firestar, who sidesteps and counters with a swipe.)
Narrator:
"Whoa! Ginger Dad dodged it! And now he's swiping back. Oh, this is a proper duel. Look at them—trading blows like pro fighters. Wait—is Ghost Beefcake *roaring?* Is that a thing cats can do?!"

(Tigerstar pins Firestar, but Firestar squirms free and strikes him across the throat.)
Narrator:
"YES! Ginger Dad just got the upper hand! Oh, Ghost Beefcake looks wobbly. Is he—wait. WHAT?!"

(Tigerstar collapses with a shriek, his ghostly form disintegrating into the wind.)
Narrator:
"He's gone! Ginger Dad actually did it! He took down the big bad guy! But... oh no. What's that sound?"

(A nearby tree, struck by a stray bolt of lightning, bursts into flames. Fire spreads rapidly.)

Narrator (panicking):
"THE TREE IS ON FIRE! Why is the tree on fire?! This is getting out of hand!"

(Firestar collapses, unmoving, near the burning tree.)
Narrator (gasping):
"Wait. No. NO. Ginger Dad! Get up! You can't die now—you just won! Someone help him!"

scene 4:

(The camera pans to a crowd of cats gathered around Firestar's lifeless body, their heads bowed in silence.)
Narrator (softly):
"This is heartbreaking. All the cats are gathering around him now. Even the glowing ones are here. Are they... mourning him? Oh, look at that—Blind Blue just put a leaf on him. Is that supposed to help?!"

(The cats begin to yowl mournfully, their voices rising in unison.)
Narrator:
"They're making some kind of noise. Is this... a cat funeral? It's so loud! Oh no, even Big Cow Cat and Grudge Queen look upset. This is... actually really sad."

(The flames from the tree die down, leaving the forest in eerie silence. The cats remain huddled around Firestar.)
Narrator (sniffling):
"Rest in peace, Ginger Dad. I may not have understood a single thing you did or said, but you were clearly the hero here. You saved them all. You were their champion."

(Camera fades to black as the narrator sighs heavily.)
Narrator (muttering):
"I'm never doing a cat documentary again."

Special guest: David Attenborough- observations on life in the clan:

In the dense, shaded forest, where the undergrowth thickens and the trees stretch high above, an intricate community of wild cats resides. Today, we continue our observations of these fascinating creatures and witness new, striking events.

Here, at the center of the camp, a gathering begins to form. It is difficult to discern exactly what is happening at first, but the distinct sounds of quiet meowing rise from the group. Several cats are standing in a circle —perhaps this is some form of discussion or decision-making. The group remains still for a time, with one particularly tall individual speaking with authority. Its posture suggests leadership, and the others seem to listen intently, their eyes fixed upon it. There are no signs of dispute or aggression, only a calm sense of order as the others nod or murmur in response. This is undoubtedly a gathering of some importance, possibly a group meeting where decisions are made regarding their survival or their daily routines. Remarkably, it appears to be a highly organized affair, with each cat taking turns to speak or listen, suggesting a form of governance or collective agreement within the group.

Before the meeting ends, the tranquil scene is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a patrol. all members but one are all holding some form of prey, walking in an orderly like and dropping their packages in a pile near the back of the camp. They emerge from the shadows, moving with urgency but remaining remarkably silent. One of the cats, though still on its paws, appears to be limping. Its movements are sluggish, and there is a noticeable drag in its step, as though it is struggling against an injury. The other cats escort the limping one with great care, their gazes flicking back and forth as though checking for further dangers. It is clear that something has occurred out in the wilds, and this one is no longer capable of defending itself. The sense of urgency is palpable, and it is

immediately apparent that this is a moment of crisis for the injured cat.

The group quickly shifts focus, and several other cats—those with quieter, gentler movements—come forward. These individuals do not seem to be warriors, as their postures are not as tense or ready for combat. Instead, they approach the injured cat with a careful but confident demeanor, guiding it to a sheltered area. The others watch with a mix of concern and quiet respect, clearly aware that the injured individual is in the hands of those who can help. The focus of the group shifts now—no longer is the Clan meeting the center of attention. The well-being of the injured cat takes precedence.

Now, we observe what can only be described as a delicate ritual. The cats who came to tend to the injured one appear to possess knowledge that the others do not. Their actions are measured, calm, and precise. They examine the injury with great care, running their paws over the wounded area and inspecting it thoroughly. At one point, one of them—who is noticeably smaller and more delicate in build—gathers a collection of leaves from the ground, carefully selecting those that appear to have the right shape and texture. They are placed near the injured cat, and the smaller figure proceeds to chew them. Whether this is a form of medicine or a type of poultice, it is unclear. But the act is performed with such confidence and intention that one cannot help but wonder if this is a practice passed down through generations.

As the treatment continues, there is a notable shift in the atmosphere. The remaining cats, though clearly concerned for their injured companion, allow the process to unfold without interference. It is as though there is an unspoken understanding that this care is vital—and that it must be performed without disruption. The injured cat seems to relax under the care, though still grimaces from time to time. Yet, the calmness of the healing process and the trust between the injured and their caretakers suggest that this is an essential part of their survival. It is a reminder that, in the wild, injury is inevitable, but so too is the healing that follows.

The treatment lasts for some time, but gradually, the injured cat seems to regain strength, its labored breathing easing into a steadier rhythm. The caregivers, satisfied with their work, begin to step back, allowing the patient a moment of rest. The group now collectively seems to relax, their attention slowly drifting back to the gathering they had left behind.

The Clan meeting resumes, though the mood has shifted. The earlier urgency is replaced with a quiet sense of relief, as though the worst has passed.

Mega Stripes' (tigerstar) dramatic death by Little Murder Mittens (scourge)

contains spoilers for the darkest hour:

Ah, yes, we return to the clearing—a hallowed battleground where the strange forest cats gather for what I can only assume is a mix between a town meeting and an underground fight club. At the center of this chaos, a truly enormous tabby cat—whom I've dubbed "Mega Stripe"—is currently having what can only be described as a monumental tantrum. His fur is puffed up like an angry raccoon, his tail is whipping about like he's trying to shoo an invisible swarm of bees, and he's hurling himself into a crouch that screams, 'I am about to do something extremely regrettable.'

Opposite him stands a much smaller black cat—my working name for him is "Little Murder Mittens." This diminutive feline is unnervingly calm, watching Mega Stripe with an air of detached menace. It's the kind of vibe that makes you rethink all your life choices, though Mega Stripe is clearly not rethinking anything. With a screech that echoes through the trees, he launches himself at Little Murder Mittens like an overenthusiastic linebacker, claws fully extended. Surely, this tiny cat is about to be annihilated.

But no! Little Murder Mittens moves like smoke on the wind, slipping aside so effortlessly it's as if gravity momentarily forgot about him. Mega Stripe lands in a heap, looking thoroughly baffled, but before he can gather himself, Little Murder Mittens strikes. And here's where things take a turn for the horrifying.

Glinting in the weak sunlight are what can only be described as weaponized claws. They're not normal claws—oh no—these are reinforced with what appear to be sharpened teeth. Dog teeth. Yes, you heard that correctly. This tiny cat has accessorized his murder mittens with actual dental enhancements, like some sort of nightmare

orthodontist.

One swipe is all it takes. Mega Stripe, for all his size and bluster, is suddenly on his side, his vulnerable belly exposed. And then Little Murder Mittens unleashes what can only be called his ultimate move: a slash from throat to tail. I will spare you the more gruesome details, but let's just say the forest floor is quickly becoming a crime scene.

Mega Stripe's reaction is... dramatic. His limbs are flailing, his tail is spasming, and he's making sounds that no cat—or living creature—should ever make. For a moment, he goes still, and I think, 'Ah, finally, it's over.' But no, dear viewer. It is not over. Not by a long shot. His body spasms again, and again, as if his very existence is rejecting the idea of leaving this world quietly. The other cats start to panic, their yowls of what I think is disbelief adding to the cacophony.

And then it hits me: this cat isn't just dying. He's dying multiple times. you see, in many of my past observations, the leader cats always end up somehow surviving deadly situations, like being hit by falling trees or cars. Yes, apparently Mega Stripe (and the other leader cats) has a strange habit of stockpiling lives like a particularly hoardy squirrel, and now, thanks to Little Murder Mittens, he's burning through all of them in one excruciating sequence. Each convulsion seems worse than the last, his screeches shifting from rage to terror. It's as though even the afterlife doesn't want him.

The chaos spreads. The surrounding cats—whom I previously assumed were part of Mega Stripe's loyal entourage—are now fleeing in every direction. It's an absolute stampede, with fur flying and tails disappearing into the undergrowth. Somewhere in the melee, a wiry black-and-white cat—whom I've nicknamed "Stringbean Commander"—is shouting for everyone to what I imagine could be "hold the line", but it's like yelling at a herd of startled deer. No one's listening.

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, Mega Stripe gives one last twitch and falls still. Silence descends over the clearing, broken only by the labored breathing of the assembled cats and the gentle dripping of blood onto the leaves. Little Murder Mittens stands over the fallen giant, utterly unbothered, one paw stained crimson. He doesn't even gloat. He just stands there, like a pint-sized harbinger of doom.

Behind him, his entourage of equally terrifying cats begins to advance. Their expressions are unreadable, but their intentions are clear—they're not done here. Across the clearing, the other cats—who I now think of as "The Regulars"—brace themselves, forming a shaky line of defense. Stringbean Commander is frantically trying to rally them, but even I can see the odds are not in their favor.

And then, with a single, deliberate motion, Little Murder Mittens raises his blood-soaked paw. His followers halt instantly, as though he's flipped an invisible switch. The message is clear: not today. The Regulars exchange bewildered glances, their relief palpable, and for a moment, it seems the bloodbath has been postponed.

As the forest falls into uneasy stillness, one thought lingers in my mind: who are these cats? And more importantly, what on earth have I just witnessed?

The horrible death of innocent snowflake: R.I.P

this chapter is based on a request by Green_0519! it covers the events leading to snowkit's death
:(

The forest clearing, usually bustling with activity, has erupted into sheer panic. Cats dart in every direction, their eyes wide and their tails puffed with fear as they crane their heads to the sky. At first, I can't understand what's happening—some kind of predator, I assume—but then I hear it: the piercing cry of a hawk, its massive wings slicing through the air like a deadly shadow. The cats below clearly recognize the danger, their movements frantic and urgent. This is no ordinary day in their peculiar society.

One by one, the mothers shove their tiny, helpless kittens—little fluff balls so delicate and endearing it's hard not to smile—into what looks like a thorny fortress. Meanwhile, a determined orange tabby, whom I've come to call "Tryhard Uncle," is urgently herding the older, slower cats, the ones I've affectionately named "the Grumbles," toward the safety of their den. The community is clearly practiced in responding to such emergencies, but there's an undercurrent of panic that suggests even they are unsure if everyone will make it.

And then I see him. A little white kitten, no more than a few weeks old, with fluffy fur that glows like fresh snow in the sunlight. He's prancing in the middle of the clearing, blissfully unaware of the danger above. I've decided to call him "Innocent Snowflake." It's almost painful to watch his tiny paws batting at nothing, his pure joy in stark contrast to the terror of the adults around him. But that joy is heartbreakingly short-lived.

From the edge of the clearing, a tabby queen—whom I've dubbed "Mama Bear"—bursts out from behind a shelter, her face twisted in horror. She yowls his name (or something I assume to be his name),

and it's a sound that cuts straight to the soul. She surges forward, racing to reach him before the hawk does. But the bird is faster. In a chilling flash of talons and wings, the hawk plunges downward and snatches the kitten off the ground. Innocent Snowflake lets out a tiny, terrified wail that makes my heart sink.

What happens next is nothing short of extraordinary. With a fierce cry of her own, Mama Bear launches herself into the air, somehow managing to snag her claws into her kitten's fur. For a moment, it looks like she might actually win this impossible battle. The hawk struggles under her weight, its powerful wings flapping desperately as it tries to ascend. Mama Bear hangs on with every ounce of strength she has, a living embodiment of maternal courage. She fights with the kind of ferocity that could bring even the mightiest predators to their knees. I can't help but admire her spirit.

But the hawk, cruel and relentless, lashes out with its talons, slashing across Mama Bear's face. She cries out in pain, her grip falters, and she falls heavily to the ground. My heart breaks as I see her lying there, stunned and bleeding, while the hawk rises higher into the sky. It takes Innocent Snowflake with it, the kitten's plaintive cries growing fainter and fainter until they are lost in the distance. The hawk disappears over the treetops, leaving only silence in its wake.

The grief that follows is almost unbearable to witness. Mama Bear throws her head back and lets out a wail of pure, unfiltered anguish. It's the kind of sound that echoes in your mind long after it's gone, the cry of a mother who has lost her child. Around her, the other cats slowly emerge from their hiding places, forming a loose circle of support. Some lean in to comfort her, pressing against her side or licking her ears gently, but nothing can erase the pain etched into her face.

Tryhard Uncle and a younger cat, whom I'll call "Reluctant Sidekick," leap over the camp wall in what I can only assume is a futile attempt to chase the hawk. I admire their bravery, but deep down, I know the truth: Innocent Snowflake is gone. He was too young, too vulnerable, and the hawk—wretched creature that it is—has claimed yet another victim. My sadness is mixed with a burning anger toward the bird. How could it snatch away something so

small, so full of life and potential?

And yet, even in the depths of her despair, Mama Bear has shown a courage that I will never forget. She fought for her kitten with everything she had, defying the odds in a way that only a mother could. Her loss is profound, but her love was even greater. If there's any solace to be found in this tragedy, it's in knowing that Innocent Snowflake was cherished, fiercely and completely, in the short time he had.

[image]

This art is great! All credits for the artwork goes to

https://x.com/darkmoon_ray/status/1241510362295517185

Where the cats roam

this chapter is based on the beginning of the cats' journey to the lake territories!

just a reminder:
If you have any ideas or suggestions for nicknames you want to share, then please go ahead! here's the story:

The forest is dying. Once a vibrant sanctuary, its trees now stand as lifeless stumps, their former majesty reduced to rubble by machines—hulking, mechanical predators that rip through the land without remorse. The air, once sweet with the scent of greenery, now reeks of sawdust and gasoline. The destruction is absolute, and the cats—those endlessly fascinating, fiercely independent creatures—have no choice but to leave.

They've gathered now, all of them. Cats of every size, color, and age, moving together in one great procession through the wreckage. Even the ones I've nicknamed "Big Rock Shouter," "Snazzy Eyepatch," "Tall and Serious," and "Sad Mom Friend" walk among them. These leaders carry themselves with a weighty dignity, though their eyes betray the sorrow of leaving a home they've known for generations. The mothers herd their kittens close, shielding them from the chaos, while the warriors—those strong, silent protectors—glance warily at every shadow, as if even now the forest might turn against them.

But not all of them are leaving.

I notice them at the edge of the clearing—"the Grumblers," the elders I've come to admire for their stubbornness and dry wit. They aren't following the others. Instead, they remain crouched together in the meager shelter of a fallen tree, their aged bodies too frail for the journey ahead. Younger cats press close to them, nuzzling them,

murmuring something I can't hear. Farewells, maybe. Promises to remember them. To return. I don't know what they're saying, but the weight of the moment is palpable, and it feels like my chest is being squeezed in a vice.

"They're leaving them behind," I realize. The elders are too old to survive the long trek to... wherever these cats are going. It's a practical decision, but it doesn't feel any less cruel. These cats, who have spent their lives in this forest, will stay here until the end—until the machines come for them, too. And I hate it. I hate the machines for destroying this place, for forcing this impossible choice. I hate that these wise, witty old souls—who've probably seen more than I ever will—won't get to see whatever new life their kin will find.

The rest of the cats move on, leaving the Grumblers behind in a solemn silence. "Big Rock Shouter" leaps onto a stump, his powerful yowl breaking through the stillness. The crowd stops and looks up at him, their ears pricked, their eyes wide. I don't know what he's saying, but whatever it is, it seems to give them strength. Heads lift, tails twitch with resolve, and the procession starts again. The leaders walk at the front, and the rest follow in a single wave of fur and whiskers, leaving the Grumblers behind to fade into the ruins of the forest.

I can't stay mad at the cats. They're doing what they have to do to survive. But I can't help but feel anger bubbling in my chest at the senselessness of it all. The forest should have been their sanctuary forever. Now, thanks to human greed and indifference, it's a battlefield they've lost.

As I watch them disappear into the shadows, I make a silent promise. I'll follow them. These cats have endured so much, and they still press on, carrying with them a sense of community and purpose that's rare in any creature. If they can keep going, so can I. Wherever they go, I'll be there, documenting their journey and rooting for them every step of the way.

And maybe, just maybe, one day these cats will find a home that no machine, no human, no force of destruction can ever take away.

Skittish teenager and a dead body:

This chapter is based on the scene where Ravenpaw bursts into camp and announces Redtail's death.

I've seen some things out here in the wild—territorial spats, group grooming sessions that get oddly competitive, and enough "I'll claw you if you look at me wrong" drama to last a lifetime. But today? Today takes the catnip.

It started with a black streak—Skittish Teenager, as I call him—flying out of the bushes and into the cat camp like his tail was on fire. He skidded to a stop in the middle of the clearing, panting so hard I thought he might pass out on the spot. The cats around him started circling, looking at him like he was some kind of esteemed celebrity.

I couldn't make out any words, but it was clear something big had just happened. Spooky Tail seemed frantic—his eyes wide, his legs trembling like he was about to collapse. He was pointed at the cats around him with his tail, like he was trying to say something, but I couldn't catch a single sound that made sense.

Then, this rookie orange cat—let's call him "Ginger Kiddo"—started talking to another cat who was sitting close by. They seemed to be having some sort of conversation, but the words were just lost on me. From the way their ears twitched, though, I could tell it was something serious.

The camp fell eerily silent, and I could feel the tension rising. I had no clue what was going on, but the atmosphere had shifted. It was like everyone suddenly realized something terrible had happened. The cats gathered around Skittish Teenager, and they were all staring at him with wide eyes, like they were waiting for him to tell them... I don't know, something important?

Suddenly, Skittish Teenager scrambled onto a big rock in the middle of the camp. The others followed him, but no one dared to move too quickly. It was like they were all holding their breath, waiting for something to happen.

Then... this massive tabby cat—let's call him "Big Strong Cat"—came into the camp. He wasn't running, but his steps were heavy, like he had the weight of the world on his shoulders. He was dragging something behind him. I don't know what it was at first, but when he let it drop into the dust, my stomach twisted.

It was another cat. A ginger one, with his fur all matted and messy. The ginger cat didn't move. Didn't twitch. Nothing. Big Strong Cat stepped back, looking down at the body for a moment, his chest rising and falling like he was trying to stay calm. my stomach was doing backflips, I needed to puke. was this cat... dead?did that cat really just carry a literal corpse from wherever they had been?

There was a long pause. No one spoke. The whole camp felt like it was frozen, and I just stood there, not understanding what any of this meant.

Then, one by one, the cats around started moving closer. They all lowered their heads, and some even started licking the body. It wasn't just any grooming session—this was different. The way they moved, so gentle, so... somber. They licked and nudged the ginger cat like he was just asleep, like they were saying goodbye.

At that moment, I felt a lump in my throat. Whatever was happening here, it was clear this was important. These cats were mourning. They were... remembering someone. The atmosphere was thick with what felt like grief, and the air felt heavy, like it had just been soaked in sorrow.

Some of the cats seemed to say things to each other, but I couldn't make sense of their words. They weren't loud, but they were soft, and they all shared the same slow movements. Each cat seemed to approach the body in their own time, like they were paying their respects one last time.

Then, a blue cat—probably the leader, based on how everyone

stepped back when she moved—stepped forward. She lowered her head over the body, and all the other cats took a few steps back to give her space. It was clear she was in charge, and whatever she was doing, it was important.

And then... she did something I couldn't explain. She pressed her nose to the body, like she was sharing something with it, something only the dead cat could hear. The cats around her watched quietly, but no one moved. It felt like everyone was holding their breath, waiting for something.

I don't know what it was, but it felt like some kind of ritual. I'm not sure if they were saying goodbye, or if they believed that the ginger cat's spirit was going somewhere. All I know is that these cats—whatever they are, whatever they do—take their "goodbyes" seriously.

I just stood there, completely lost, watching the cats mourn. Whatever it was that happened today—whatever they were doing—it was clear it meant something deeper than I could ever understand.

These aren't just regular cats. They're something else. And I don't know what to think anymore.

Fur and Fury: The Chaotic Chronicles of Wildcat Warfare

spoiler warning: this chapter is based on the great battle that takes place in DoTC.

(Camera pans to a sleek gray tabby standing atop a massive rock, glaring down at a crowd of other cats who are yowling at each other.)

Narrator (confused):
"Okay, uh... we've got a serious cat showdown happening here. That guy on the rock—let's call him *black pine cat*—looks like he's trying to make some kind of important announcement. But what's this? Oh, no! Another cat—*Ego Fluff*—just shoved her right off the rock. That seems a bit... rude? What's going on here?"

(Tall Shadow is knocked off, and the camp erupts into chaos as cats start leaping and clawing at each other.)

Narrator (panicking):
"Oh! Oh, okay! Now everyone's fighting! I think this is a fight? Or maybe some kind of extremely aggressive group exercise? Look, I'm no cat expert, but this does not look friendly."

(Camera zooms in on a large ginger tom jumping into the fray, claws flashing.)

Narrator:
"Here comes *Big Ginger Hulk*! He's charging into the mess like he's trying to save everyone. Is he the hero of this story? I don't know, but his face is giving me 'I had no plan and I'm making it up as I go' vibes."

(Gray Wing and Thunder glance at each other before leaping into the battle.)

Narrator (awed):
"And now *Gray Cloud Dad* is joining in! He looks stressed out, but also determined, like a single parent trying to keep his kids from destroying the living room. Big Ginger Hulk is sticking close to him, and honestly, they're not bad at this whole cat battle thing."

(Camera cuts to Clear Sky, who is sneering at Thunder.)

Narrator (mocking):
"Ah, here comes *Ego Fluff* again, and he's got words for Big Ginger Hulk. I don't know what he's saying, but based on his face, it's probably something like, 'Oh, you thought you could stop me? Ha! Watch me be dramatic and evil.'"

(The cats on the Great Rock fend off attackers but look trapped.)

Narrator (concerned):
"Wait, are those guys stuck up there? They've got the high ground, but what's the plan? Just... hang out and hope for the best? One of them—Big Ginger Hulk—is looking at a tree. What's he doing? Climbing it? Oh! Oh, I see what's happening. He's making a sneaky getaway. *Clever boy!*"

(Camera follows Thunder as he dodges enemy cats, disappears into the tunnels, and eventually brings reinforcements.)

Narrator (excited):
"Whoa, Big Ginger Hulk just pulled a full-on superhero move! He ran all the way back to camp to get backup. And now here they come—an entire squad of cats charging in like reinforcements in a war movie! This is incredible."

(The two groups collide, and the fighting becomes even more chaotic.)

Narrator (overwhelmed):
"This is absolute madness. There are cats everywhere—biting, clawing, yelling. I don't know who's winning, but it's definitely not

me because I have no clue what's happening. Oh, wait—look at that brown-and-white one—M*r McSlashface*—he's really going for it. Someone should tell him this is not a WWE match."

(Camera zooms in on Rainswept Flower confronting Clear Sky.)

Narrator (shocked):
"Uh-oh. Here comes *stripy brown Lady,* and she looks MAD. She's yelling at *Ego Fluff* about something. Oh no, wait—what's he doing? OH! OH! HE JUST—he just *killed her!* What the heck?! What is WRONG with this guy?! Somebody stop him! you murderer! I will spare the details, but lets just say things are now rated M and someone's just had their throat slashed. Poor cat. "

(The camera shifts to Gray Wing leaping at Clear Sky, claws out.)

Narrator (cheering):
"Yes! Go, Gray Cloud Dad! Teach that smug jerk a lesson! Look at him—he's mad, and honestly, I don't blame him. Wait, now they're talking again. Are they trash-talking each other? Oh, I bet Gray Cloud Dad is saying something like, 'You've betrayed the family, you ungrateful jerk.' And Ego Fluff is all, 'Power is everything!' Classic villain stuff."

(Clear Sky hesitates as Gray Wing dares him to strike.)

Narrator (dramatic):
"This is it. This is the big moment. Ego Fluff has a chance to take out Gray Cloud Dad, but he's hesitating. Why? Is he having a change of heart? Is he finally realizing he's the bad guy? Oh man, the tension is *killing me.*"

(The camera pans over the battlefield, showing injured cats and the aftermath of the fight.)

Narrator (somber):
"And now it's over. The fighting has stopped, but at what cost? There are cats everywhere, hurt and exhausted. Ego Fluff is looking around like he's finally realizing he's gone too far. Gray Cloud Dad is just lying there, refusing to back down, even though he looks like he's ready to pass out."

(Camera fades to black as the cats retreat to their respective camps.)

Narrator (relieved):
"Well, that was... intense. I still don't know what this was all about, but one thing's for sure—these cats have some serious issues to work through."

The Ginger Cat and the Glowing Rock Conspiracy

this chapter is based on firestar's nine lives ceremony. Thanks to ashely_w0lf for requesting this!

(The footage is grainy, showing a golden tabby cautiously stepping into a shadowy cave entrance.)

Narrator:
"Alright, so here we have Ginger guy—our courageous protagonist—heading into what looks like the creepiest cave imaginable. It's dark, it's ominous, and probably full of bats. Great plan, bud. Really solid. Where is he going? No clue, but he looks about as excited as a kid at the dentist."

(The drone follows Ginger guy as he hesitates at the entrance.)

Narrator (mockingly):
"And now he's stopped. Maybe he's reconsidering? 'Hmm, do I really want to go into the spooky murder cave?' But wait! Here comes Limpy Grey—leading the charge like a pro. Look at her go! This is clearly not her first haunted tunnel rodeo."

(The two cats disappear into the blackness. The drone follows, but everything is just... pitch dark.)

Narrator:
"Uh, okay. Cool. Nothing but darkness now. This is thrilling. I feel like I'm watching a horror movie where the monster pops out any second. Oh, oh! Look! We've got... absolutely no visuals. Stellar."

(The camera picks up faint scratching noises and Firestar's shallow breathing as the tunnel grows tighter.)

Narrator:
"Okay, folks, they're still walking. Or squeezing through. It's hard to

tell. Ginger guy is probably questioning every life decision that led him here. I know I am. Why would you willingly go into a rock snake's mouth like this? Are they training for a feline Indiana Jones reboot?"

(The drone's night vision kicks in just as a faint light begins to appear ahead.)

Narrator (awed):
"Wait, what's that? Is that light? Are we finally getting somewhere? Oh, it's... shiny rock time. Behold! The world's fanciest glow stick! Mother Nature really said, 'Let's make this cave bougie.' Look at Ginger guy staring at it like he's about to cry. Same, buddy, same."

(The Moonstone gleams brightly in the footage, casting an eerie silver glow over everything. Ginger guy lies down and presses his nose against it.)

Narrator (confused):
"Uh, is this... normal? Is he okay? Did he just fall asleep on the job? Or is he downloading some kind of moon cat Wi-Fi update? I have so many questions and zero answers."

(For several minutes, nothing happens. The drone hovers awkwardly, capturing a silent, unmoving Ginger guy.)

Narrator (bored):
"Alright, I guess this is nap time. Maybe he's dreaming about food? Or, you know, those weird territorial spats they all seem to love. Oh, wait! Something's happening!"

(Ginger guy jerks awake suddenly, scrambling to his paws like he's just had the worst nightmare ever. The camera shakes as the drone tries to keep up.)

Narrator (panicked):
"Whoa! Okay, drama! Ginger guy just woke up like he saw cat Satan. What did he dream about? Someone stealing his prey pile? A squirrel uprising? Or did he accidentally drink stale water? Look at him bolt out of there like his tail's on fire!"

(The footage gets jittery as Ginger guy sprints through the tunnel, bumping into the walls. Limpy Grey is hot on his heels.)

Narrator:
"Wow, they're really booking it. Guess that glowing rock wasn't as chill as it looked. Maybe it whispered creepy star secrets or something. Honestly, I don't blame him for noping out of there. I would too."

(Ginger guy bursts out of the tunnel and flops onto the hillside, panting like he just ran a marathon. Limpy Grey emerges, looking surprisingly composed.)

Narrator:
"And... freedom! Ginger guy escapes the death cave, looking like he aged nine lives in there. Limpy Grey, on the other hand, is casually vibing like this is just another Tuesday. What a champ."

(The camera zooms out to show Ginger guy digging his claws into the dirt, trembling as Limpy Grey leans against him.)

Narrator (sympathetic):
"Aw, poor guy. Whatever he saw in there must have been rough. But hey, at least he made it out alive. Good job, Ginger guy. Now, how about a nap and maybe some therapy? You've earned it."

Footage Log: File #113-Snake Rocks Incident

Hey there! Thanks for reading my story! If you enjoyed it, feel free to check out my other stories—I'd love to hear what you think. Comments, feedback, and votes mean the world to me, so don't be shy! Requests are always open too, so if there's something you'd like to see, let me know. Thanks!
this chapter is based of swiftpaw and brightpaw's fight with dogs.

This chapter is based on a request by smoot688

Content Warning: This story contains depictions of extreme violence that may be distressing to some readers. Reader discretion is advised.

The recording begins in unsettling silence, the moon casting a cold, silvery glow over the forest. The camera's angle is low, focused on two small, wiry figures creeping through the dense undergrowth. The young cats move with a tense, deliberate grace, their bodies taut with caution.

The narrator's voice is hushed, almost a whisper, as the camera pans to the forest clearing bathed in eerie moonlight:

"This... this doesn't feel right. There's a stillness here, like the whole forest is holding its breath. And those two... they shouldn't be here. Not like this. Not alone."

A massive dog steps out from the shadows, its yellow eyes glinting like fire in the moonlight. The camera trembles slightly, as though the unseen observer has flinched.

The Narrator's voice falters, trembling with disbelief:
"That's... that's not just one dog. There's more. Oh god, there are so

many. They're huge—these things could rip them apart without even trying. What are those cats doing? They should be running!"

But they don't run. The darker cat steps forward, his fur bristling, his small frame seeming impossibly fragile against the hulking predator.

"They're... standing their ground? No. No, this isn't bravery—it's suicide! Please, someone stop this!"

The first dog lunges with a snarl, its jaws snapping shut inches from the black cat, who darts aside and rakes his claws across its flank. Meanwhile, the white-and-tabby cat leaps at another dog, sinking her teeth into its neck with a ferocity that seems impossible for her size.

"They're fighting back. These two... these two little fighters, they're actually fighting back. But they're so outnumbered. They can't win this. They can't!"

The pack surges forward, the clearing erupting into chaos. The snarls of the dogs are deafening, and the cats' desperate cries cut through the night like knives. The camera struggles to keep up, catching flashes of fur and teeth.

The Narrator's voice cracks, growing frantic:
"Stop! Please, just stop! They're too small—they can't take this! Why are those dogs doing this? Why won't they just leave them alone?!"

The camera jerks sharply as the white-tabby cat is hurled through the air by a monstrous dog. She hits the ground with a sickening thud, her body limp and crumpled. The camera zooms in, catching the horrifying details: her face is mangled, blood pooling beneath her as one of her eyes hangs grotesquely from its socket.

The camera now focuses on the small clearing bathed in the cold glow of the moon. The sound of snarling dogs and sharp yowls fills the air. The black-and-white cat stands over the crumpled body of the white-tabby cat, her broken form barely stirring, a faint and shallow rise and fall of her chest the only sign she's alive. Blood pools around her, her fur matted and torn, and one side of her face

mangled beyond recognition.

The Narrator's voice breaks into a pained sob:

"Oh no... no, no, no. She's still alive—barely—but she's... she's broken. How is she even breathing?! look at her. She shouldn't have to go through this. Why isn't anyone helping them? Why am I watching this instead of doing something?!"

The black-and-white cat's movements are slower now, each step labored as he staggers to position himself between her body and the advancing pack. Blood drips from a deep gash along his shoulder, staining his white fur a stark crimson. Yet he doesn't waver. His tail lashes defiantly, and his lips pull back into a snarl that's more courage than strength.

"He knows he can't win. He has to know. But he's still there, standing between her and those monsters. He's not leaving her. He's not giving up."

A dog lunges at the motionless white-tabby cat, but the black-and-white cat leaps to intercept it. He drives his claws into its muzzle, snarling fiercely despite his exhaustion. The dog yelps and stumbles back, shaking its head as blood sprays across the ground.

"Even now... he's still protecting her. He's not thinking about himself at all. Every single move he's making is to keep her safe. But how much longer can he keep this up?!"

The pack circles, growling and snapping, their leader—a massive, scarred dog—watching with cold calculation. The black-and-white cat staggers, his body trembling as he fights to stay upright. He's panting heavily, his sides heaving, but he plants his paws firmly in the dirt, standing guard over his companion.

The Narrator's voice cracks:
"He's so hurt. He can barely stand, and they're just toying with him. They're waiting for him to fall. Oh no... they're going to—"

The scarred dog barks sharply, and the pack freezes. The black-and-white cat glares at them, his green eyes burning with defiance

despite the blood dripping from his face. He snarls again, a low, guttural sound that echoes with desperation and determination.

The pack suddenly lunges as one, a tidal wave of fur and fangs. The black-and-white cat holds his ground, slashing wildly at the oncoming mass. His claws rake across a dog's nose; another bite lands on his leg, drawing a scream of pain that tears through the clearing. He doesn't stop. His movements grow erratic, desperate, and blood sprays with every strike.

Then the scarred dog steps forward, towering over him. For a brief moment, the black-and-white cat seems to falter. His legs shake, and his breaths come in ragged gasps. But then he straightens, swaying unsteadily but refusing to fall. He snarls one last time, his claws unsheathing as he stands over the white-tabby cat's body.

The Narrator's voice is trembling, barely controlled:
"He's... he's still standing. How? Why? He's already lost... oh god, this isn't fair!"

The scarred dog barks again, and the pack surges forward. As they charge, one dog brushes against the hidden camera, tilting it upwards. The camera now faces the moon, accompanied by the horrifyingly grotesque sounds of jaws looking on to and tearing off flesh, as the black and white cat gets tossed between dogs like they're playing pass the parcel.

The Narrator's voice rises in horror:

"Stop! For god's sake, just STOP! What's wrong with these monsters?!"

The camera's lens still catches the brutal finale. The black cat's limp, bloody body is flung across the clearing like a ragdoll , slamming into the bushes with a sickening crack. Blood smears across the screen, the vibrant red grotesquely vivid against the monochrome world. The footage blurs, static hissing faintly as the image distorts.

In the final seconds before the feed cuts to black, the Narrator whispers, voice trembling with anguish and barely audible over the static:

"I hate them. Those monsters. I hate them. And yet... I hate myself more for just sitting here, watching, powerless. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

The screen goes dark.

Clash of the Collar: A Wildcat Smackdown

This chapter is about longtail's fight with rusty. Thanks to a request by AnaCavalcanteLucena!

Camera shakes slightly as the lens zooms in on a clearing filled with wild cats.

Narrator:

"Welcome back to *Secrets of the Forest,* where today, I find myself documenting what can only be described as the strangest feline council meeting I've ever seen. A large gray-blue cat—let's call her *Big Mom Energy*—stands on a rock, clearly in charge of this chaotic assembly. But things are about to get... intense."

The camera pans to a scruffy orange cat with a shiny collar, standing awkwardly in the middle of the group.

Narrator:

"Here we have *Shiny Neck Newbie.* This poor lad looks like he just got invited to a high-stakes poker game without knowing the rules. He's surrounded by what I can only assume are professional poker players—except instead of cards, they've got claws. And attitudes."

A pale tabby cat steps forward, tail high and voice loud.

Narrator:

"Ah, and here comes *Stretchy McAttitude,* a lanky tabby who clearly believes he's the main character of this forest. He's yelling something—probably not welcoming. Judging by his tone and the way he keeps pointing his tail at Shiny Neck Newbie's collar, I'm

guessing it's a 'you don't belong here' speech. Classic gatekeeping behavior."

The camera zooms in as Stretchy McAttitude paces back and forth, sneering dramatically.

Narrator:

"Listen to him go. If I had to translate, I'd imagine he's saying something like, 'Your collar makes you weak! Your jingling will scare away prey! Also, you smell like cinnamon candles!'"

Shiny Neck Newbie shifts nervously, glancing around at the other cats, who are all staring at him with wide, judgmental eyes.

Narrator:

"Poor Shiny Neck Newbie looks like he wants to sink into the ground. But wait—what's this? *Big Gold Dad,* the enormous golden tom beside him, leans down and hisses some advice. Probably something inspirational, like, 'Don't let him bully you,' or 'Punch him in the whiskers.'"

Suddenly, Shiny Neck Newbie's posture shifts. His ears flatten, his eyes narrow, and he lunges forward, launching himself at Stretchy McAttitude.

Narrator:

"OH HO! WE HAVE LIFT-OFF! Shiny Neck Newbie just threw himself into Stretchy McAttitude like a furry orange missile. And now it's a full-on cat fight!"

The camera follows the chaotic blur of fur and claws as the two cats tumble and screech across the clearing. Other cats leap out of the way, their tails puffed up like bottle brushes.

Narrator:

"They're rolling, they're biting, they're clawing—it's absolute pandemonium out here, folks! No rules, no refs, just pure, unfiltered rage. If the Olympics had a 'Forest Smackdown' event, these two

would be gold medal contenders."

The camera zooms in on Stretchy McAttitude, who has managed to grab hold of Shiny Neck Newbie's collar and is pulling with all his might.

Narrator:

"Uh-oh. Stretchy's going for the ultimate humiliation move—he's trying to rip off Shiny Neck Newbie's collar! This is a *major* flex in the cat world, akin to ripping off someone's championship belt."

With a loud snap, the collar breaks free. Shiny Neck Newbie stumbles back, gasping for air, while Stretchy McAttitude triumphantly holds the shredded remains in his teeth.

Narrator:

"And there it is, ladies and gentlemen—Stretchy McAttitude has done it! He's removed the collar! But wait—what's this? *Big Mom Energy* is stepping in, and she does *not* look impressed."

The large gray-blue cat strides forward, silencing the crowd with a commanding yowl. She picks up the broken collar and places it on the ground, looking almost... reverent.

Narrator:

"Wow, this is getting dramatic. Big Mom Energy just declared something, and judging by her tone, it's a major plot twist. Did she just say that losing the collar means Shiny Neck Newbie has been officially adopted into their group? Is this... is this some kind of bizarre initiation ritual?"

The camera pans to the other cats, who are now cheering and yowling in apparent approval. Shiny Neck Newbie stands tall, his fur ruffled but his spirit unbroken.

Narrator:

"And just like that, the tides have turned. Shiny Neck Newbie has earned the respect of his peers. He's no longer the outsider with the

jingling collar—he's now *Collarless Champ,* a proud member of this wild, chaotic community. It's heartwarming, really. Violent, but heartwarming."

The camera slowly zooms out as the cats begin to disperse, though Stretchy McAttitude can still be seen sulking in the background.

Narrator:

"Join us next time on *Secrets of the Forest,* where we'll hopefully uncover why these cats have such strong opinions about fashion accessories. Until then, stay curious."

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Drowning in Betrayal: A Grim Display of Feline Cruelty

spoilers for shattered sky-
This chapter is about the events leading up to Needletail's death, based on a request by morningsplash!

The footage begins abruptly, shaky and unfocused, revealing a serene lakeshore drenched in soft evening light. The calm doesn't last. The camera pans toward the water, where chaos is unfolding. A silver-gray cat is dragged toward the shallows by two other cats—strong, cold-eyed figures whose grips are unyielding.

Narrator (voice trembling, horrified):
"Oh my... Oh, no. What are they doing? That silver one... she's terrified. Someone—someone stop this! They're actually—no. Not even the cruelest human would do this. These cats... they're monstrous."

The silver cat struggles valiantly, lashing out with claws and teeth, but her movements are weak, desperate. Her attackers pin her in the shallows, forcing her head beneath the surface. The water churns violently as she fights, her muffled cries piercing the air. Another small cat on the shore—a pale one—screams and thrashes against the grip of two more captors, her voice raw with pleading.

Narrator (shocked, despairing):
"They care for each other, I've seen it. They can be so kind, so heartwarming in how they live and protect their families. But this? This is... it's heartless. Absolutely heartless. How can this be the same species?"

For a brief moment, the silver cat's head breaks the surface. She gasps for air, her terrified eyes locking with the smaller cat's. But her reprieve is short-lived. One of her captors, a sleek, pale figure, presses her down again. The smaller cat on the shore screams louder, her voice shattering into sobs.

Narrator (whispering, broken):
"She's still fighting. Even now, she's still fighting. How can they be so cruel? How can they live like this?"

The silver cat's struggles fade. Her body stills beneath the water's surface. The pale cat on the shore collapses against her captors, silent now, her wide eyes fixed on the lake. The narrator's voice falters, dissolving into a choked whisper:

"They—they just killed her. Like it was nothing. These cats—they can be so caring, so loyal. And yet, they're capable of *this*. This senseless, brutal cruelty. How do they go on after something like this?"

The footage cuts off abruptly, leaving only the sound of rippling water and a heavy, suffocating silence.

The Dam Destroying Cats: A Photographer's Discovery

spoilers for Omen of the Stars, The fourth apprentice:
This chapter is about when Dovewing and a multi-clan patrol go to find the problem that is blocking water from flowing down the stream.

Day 27 at the Beaver Dam
This dam had been a goldmine for my documentary. The beavers, industrious little engineers, had been at work for months, and I was ready to capture their every move. But today, I spotted something utterly unexpected: cats.

Yes, cats. Not wildcats or lynxes—ordinary housecat-sized felines. At first, I thought they'd wandered too far from home, but as I observed them through my telephoto lens, I realized these weren't your average strays. They were organized. Strategic. And, if I'm honest, terrifyingly clever.

The first sign something unusual was happening came when a golden tomcat—let's call him **Goldie**—let out a yowl that could have shattered glass. This wasn't some bored meow. No, it was a rallying cry. He launched himself at the nearest beaver, claws outstretched like a miniature lion.

I winced, expecting the poor cat to get knocked senseless, but instead, he twisted midair like an acrobat and landed a blow on the beaver's side. The beaver barely flinched, its thick, greasy pelt absorbing the attack like it was swatting away a fly. Goldie didn't seem fazed. He regrouped and charged again.

Meanwhile, a small gray tabby—**Little grey**—was leaping across the dam, her lithe body a blur of determination. She landed on a

beaver's back, whacking it over the head with her paw. The beaver tossed her off like she weighed nothing, and she went tumbling into the logs. I held my breath, expecting her to scurry off in retreat. But no. Dynamo picked herself up, shook out her fur, and jumped back into the fray.

And then there was **Fluffball**—a white-and-brown she-cat with fur that looked far too pristine for this mess. She and a sleek black tom —**Shadowy**—were stationed at the top of the dam, trading blows with another pair of beavers. Shadowstripe was snarling and lashing out like he had something to prove, while Fluffball...was she hissing instructions?

"They've got a bloody chain of command," I muttered to myself, adjusting my camera.

I could hardly keep up as chaos erupted. Dynamo fled across the dam, pursued by one of the lumbering beavers, while Goldie squared off with two more. The tom actually taunted them, puffing up his fur and yowling, "Think you're tough? Come at me!"

It was the bravado of a Hollywood action hero in the body of a domestic cat.

One of the beavers slapped its tail, and a cat—**Bouncy Legs**—was sent flying into the streambed below. She lay there for a moment, dazed but alive, while another cat, whom I'd dubbed **Patchcoat**, tried to help her up. I caught a glimpse of another cat—a wiry gray one—climbing out of the water, fur soaked and teeth bared. How many of these little warriors were there?

"Alright, let's regroup!" Goldie yelled—or rather, yowled.

Yes, I swear he was giving orders. He sent Dynamo and Fluffball scurrying toward the bank while he dove headfirst into another skirmish. I scrambled to capture every moment, heart pounding as if I were witnessing the discovery of a new intelligent species.

At one point, Shadowstripe lunged at one of the beavers, landing a perfect swipe to its ear, but the creature retaliated, snapping its massive teeth inches from his face. Fluffball shoved him aside just

in time.

"They're working together," I whispered in disbelief. "They're actually coordinating."

And then, the turning point: Goldie let out a desperate cry, "Retreat!"

The cats began pulling back, their fur soaked and their movements sluggish. But even in retreat, they were disciplined. A sleek silver tom—**Silver Flash**—darted to the edge of the water and grabbed another cat by the scruff, dragging them to safety. Fluffball and Dynamo worked together to carry an injured tabby up the bank. I didn't know whether to be awestruck or utterly baffled.

When the cats finally regrouped in a fern thicket, I crept closer, camera in hand. My heart was hammering. These weren't just feral cats—they were something else entirely. Society. Structure. Strategy.

As they tended to their wounded with cobwebs and licks—licks, for crying out loud—I realized I might have stumbled upon the story of a lifetime. Forget the beavers; these cats were the real stars.

And I wasn't going to stop until I learned their secrets.

Trailing them wasn't easy. These weren't your average housecats—no jingling bells or clumsy footfalls. They moved with the silence of ghosts. I had to keep my distance, staying just close enough to see where they were headed. After trekking for what felt like miles, we reached the strangest sight I've ever seen.

A lake. Beautiful, pristine, surrounded by dense forest. But what caught my attention were the *other* cats. Dozens of them. Cats patrolling the shores like sentries. Cats lounging in the sun. Cats disappearing into tunnels in the ground, as if they had *homes.*

It wasn't just a gathering; it was a society.

I watched in disbelief as Blaze—clearly some kind of leader—reported to another cat, a massive gray tom I dubbed "Boss." Stripes and the others deposited fish and small prey at what looked like a

communal food pile. Younger cats—kittens? apprentices?—bounded forward to greet them, wide-eyed with admiration.

They weren't just living here. They were thriving. They had rules, roles, and responsibilities. It was a civilization, tucked away from human eyes, functioning in a way that was both alien and familiar.

Conclusions

I stayed at the lake for weeks, documenting what I could. I learned their language—not fully, but enough to catch the tone and meaning. I saw the warmth with which they cared for their sick, the discipline of their patrols, and the fierceness with which they defended their borders. But I also saw the dark side: battles, rivalries, and the sheer ruthlessness with which they dealt with threats.

These weren't just cats. They were something more.

I don't know if I'll ever publish this. Who would believe me? But I can't forget what I saw: the intelligence in their eyes, the strength in their unity, and the strange, wondrous world they've built.

Cats, man. They're more than we'll ever understand.

A young death in the snow.

This chapter is based on a request by AnaCavalcanteLucena! (Thanks for the ideas)

This chapter has death, and contains spoilers for Bluestar's prophecy. This chapter surrounds the scene of Mosskit's death

I had come here expecting the quiet beauty of winter wildlife—a frozen lake, the crunch of snow beneath cautious paws, and the occasional fleeting glimpse of wild creatures braving the cold. But instead, I found heartbreak.

The mother cat was a striking figure against the snow, her blue-gray fur mottled with frost. She moved with an exhausted determination, her movements jerky as she huddled into the hollow she had scraped from the snow. Her kittens, so small they looked like shadows against her body, clung to her as if the warmth of her fur was the only thing keeping them alive.

She wrapped herself tightly around them, her mouth moving as if she were whispering something. What could she possibly be saying? Was it a song? A prayer? Or simply soft reassurances in a world that offered none?

One of the kittens—a tiny gray-and-white one—lay unnaturally still, its small form half-buried in the snow. The mother turned her attention to it, her rough tongue rasping desperately over its fur. Over and over she licked, each movement growing slower, more desperate.

I didn't need to understand her language to know what was happening. She was trying to warm it, to bring it back, to undo what the cold had taken.

The other two kits stirred faintly, their small breaths visible in the frosty air. One shifted closer to her belly, nudging weakly for warmth. The other squirmed, its tiny head lifting as if trying to

understand why its sibling wasn't moving.

The mother's ears flicked, and her movements grew frantic. She pulled the still kitten closer, her body shaking—not from the cold, but from the effort of keeping herself together.

My chest tightened. I wanted to do something—anything. But what could I do? She was wild, and I was an outsider. My presence would only frighten her, and I had nothing to offer.

She paused, her head dipping low. Her shoulders slumped, and she stopped licking. The stillness was unbearable, and I realized what had happened. The little one was gone.

Her other kits nuzzled closer, unaware of what had been lost. She seemed to gather herself, pulling them tightly into her body. Her head turned sharply toward the entrance of the hollow as a new figure appeared—a larger tom, his fur sleek and his eyes concerned. He approached cautiously, but she hissed, her body coiling protectively around her remaining young.

He backed off, his posture low and deferential, and then disappeared into the trees.

For a moment, she just sat there, her body a shield around the fragile lives that still clung to her. She didn't move, didn't make a sound. The lifeless kitten lay tucked beneath her chin, as though she couldn't bring herself to let go.

It was the kind of grief that transcended species, a silent, suffocating weight that I could feel from where I stood, hidden behind the trees.

I turned away, my camera hanging uselessly at my side. This wasn't something to capture, to immortalize in photographs. It was a moment too raw, too private.

As I walked back through the snow, my mind was haunted by the image of her licking the frost from her kitten's fur, as if sheer love and will could defy the cold. But it couldn't.

Not this time.

Blue cat's final flame (I really need to get more creative with titles)

based on an idea from @AnaCavalcanteLucena

The camera zooms in on a chaotic scene by the gorge. A pack of massive dogs, their teeth bared and dripping with saliva, closes in on a fiery ginger tomcat locked in a desperate struggle.

Narrator:
"Welcome back to *Secrets of the Forest,* where today, we witness what I can only describe as the most disastrous attempt at dog herding ever recorded. Here we have *Flame Boy,* valiantly trying—and failing—to fend off a pack of snarling canines. Spoiler alert: it's not going great."

The lead dog lunges, teeth flashing, and the tomcat is thrown to the ground with a pained yowl.

Narrator:
"Yikes. That's gonna leave a mark. But just when it looks like Flame Boy's life is about to get significantly shorter—wait, what's this?"

A blur of blue-gray fur barrels into the frame, slamming into the lead dog with enough force to send it stumbling to the gorge's edge.

Narrator:
"OH HO! Enter *Granny Steel Paws,* the feline equivalent of a missile. She's smaller than the dog by, oh, about a hundred pounds, but that's not stopping her. Is she... yes, she's going for the *push 'em off the cliff* strategy. Bold move."

The dog scrabbles at the crumbling edge, letting out a panicked yelp. Behind it, two more dogs, clearly lacking any sense of spatial awareness,

charge right over the edge after their leader.

Narrator:
"And there they go, folks! Three canine torpedoes straight into the drink. A textbook example of why you should always look where you're running."

The camera follows the lead dog's descent into the foaming river below. Suddenly, the scene shifts. The blue-gray cat teeters on the edge, her back leg caught in the dog's jaws as it falls.

Narrator:
"Wait. WAIT. Oh no. Granny Steel Paws is going over! And... yep, there she goes. Both her and the dog are taking the express route to the bottom. Flame Boy looks absolutely horrified, and honestly, same."

The ginger tomcat sprints to the edge, his frantic yowl echoing above the roaring water.

Narrator:
"Flame Boy is now staring into the abyss, probably reconsidering all his life choices. But hold up—what's that bobbing in the water? It's Granny Steel Paws! She's still alive, but just barely."

The camera captures Flame Boy throwing himself into the gorge, the roaring water swallowing him in seconds.

Narrator:
"Well, that's one way to handle it. Flame Boy has officially joined the *Terrible Ideas Club*. He's in the water now, thrashing like a very soggy potato. Let's see how this pans out."

The scene becomes chaotic as the tomcat fights the current, his jaws clamping onto the scruff of the struggling blue-gray cat.

Narrator:
"Props to him, though—he's actually got her! But wow, that river is not messing around. It's like a spin cycle in a washing machine, except with more death threats."

Suddenly, a second blue-gray figure appears, paddling with

determination toward them.

Narrator:
"WHAT? A plot twist! Here comes *Water Cat*—Granny Steel Paws' long-lost twin or maybe her backup plan. And look! There's another one—Wet *Sidekick!* These two are pulling Flame Boy and Granny to shore like professionals."

The cats make it to the riverbank. Granny Steel Paws lies motionless on the pebbles as Flame Boy collapses beside her, panting.

Narrator:
"Okay, we've got them out of the water. But is Granny Steel Paws still kicking? Flame Boy's leaning in—he's not giving up on her yet."

Another cat appears—a massive tabby with murder in his eyes, charging toward the group.

Narrator:
"OH COME ON. Who invited *Tiger Dad of Doom*? He's here to ruin the mood, but Flame Boy and *Water Cat* aren't having it. They've formed a wall of fur and claws between him and their fallen friend."

The tabby hesitates, then retreats with a hiss. The camera returns to the blue-gray cat, her gaze now shimmering as she looks at Flame Boy.

Narrator:
"And there it is. The final words of a legend. She's passing the torch, folks—I think she's naming Flame Boy the new head honcho.

As the blue-gray cat's eyes close for the last time, the camera pulls back, catching the ginger tomcat bathed in a beam of sunlight.

Narrator:
"Rest in peace, Granny Steel Paws. You went out like a hero. And Flame Boy? Well, he's got some big paw prints to fill. Stay tuned, folks—things are about to heat up."

Swerving to save

This scene is based of a part in the books from a Vision of Shadows. If you have already read it, scroll down to see my written version.

Summary: violetpaw causes a car accident.

For reference, this is the original scene:

She ran, eyes narrowed, terror sparking in her belly. The hot stone burned her pads. The green monster rolled closer, as though in no hurry. The rise was still clear. *We're going to make it!*

As exhilaration surged beneath Violetpaw's pelt, a howl rose behind the green monster. A smaller monster had edged out and was hurtling toward her. It let out a desperate wail, as though running for its life. Terror choked Violetpaw's thoughts. Her paws froze beneath her, and she skidded to a halt. Ahead of her, Molewhisker, Hawkwing, Rabbitleap, and Blossomheart dived onto the safety of the green embankment.

Rooted by panic, Violetpaw stared at the small monster. It roared past the green one, neck and neck with it now. In a moment it would pass it and plow straight over Violetpaw. She knew she should move, but she was frozen with terror. *StarClan, help me!* The small monster's paws squealed on the stone as the Twoleg inside stared in horror at Violetpaw. The monster let out a wail, as though warning her to move. It swerved suddenly, the Twoleg's eyes bulging as it dived in front of the green monster, veering so close that its flank caught the green monster's nose.

Violetpaw stared, as though watching a nightmare from a long way away. Hypnotized, she heard the thump of their thick hides collide. The small monster spun out across the Thunderpath and came to a juddering halt on the far side.

And here's my take on it from the twoleg's point of view!

The highway stretched ahead, the late afternoon sun glinting off the asphalt. My car hummed along steadily, my hands resting lightly on the wheel. It was a quiet drive—just me, the road, and the occasional rumble of a truck in the opposite lane.

Then I saw it.

Out of nowhere, a small, streaking figure darted onto the road. At first, I thought it was a rabbit or some other wild animal. But as I drew closer, I realized it was a cat—a young one, with patches of black and white, with wide paws and a thick tail. its yellow eyes were wide with fear.

Time seemed to slow.

The poor cat was running, its paws striking the hot pavement, and I could see the sheer terror in its movements. My heart leapt into my throat as I realized it wasn't going to make it across in time.

Ahead of me, a semi-truck thundered down the highway, its massive bulk dominating the lane. The cat froze. It skidded to a halt right in the middle of the road, the pitiful creatits gaze locked on the truck like a deer caught in headlights.

"No, no, no!" I whispered, slamming my foot onto the brake. The tires screeched, the sound cutting through the roar of the truck's engine.

The cat didn't move.

I wrenched the wheel to the side, trying to veer away from the little creature. My car's front end swung dangerously close to the semi's massive grille, the horn blaring like a warning shot.

The impact came with a sickening jolt.

My car scraped the truck's front, metal grating against metal, and spun wildly. The force threw me forward against the seatbelt as the car skidded across the road. The tires screamed against the asphalt before the car came to a bone-rattling stop on the far side of the

highway.

For a moment, everything was still. My breath came in short, panicked gasps as I gripped the steering wheel, my knuckles white. My heart pounded, my ears ringing with the memory of the collision.

Through the windshield, I caught a glimpse of the cat. It stood frozen where it had been, its fur fluffed up, yellow eyes fixed on me. Then, as if waking from a trance, it turned and bolted to the safety of the embankment where a group of other cats—was I seeing that right?—waited.

I leaned back in my seat, trembling. "You've got to be kidding me," I muttered, running a hand through my hair.

The truck's horn blared angrily as it rolled past, but I didn't care. My car was scraped up, and I'd probably get a ticket for reckless driving, but at least the cat was alive.

What kind of lunatic cat runs onto a highway? And with a group of friends too!

Still shaking, I turned off the engine and sat there for a long moment, trying to process what had just happened.

Random AU- what if tigerclaw killed ravenpaw??

sorta forgot if they were apprentices or warriors and just went with their warrior names. Just want to add, if you request any ideas for short warriors fanfics, (can be about any ship or scene you want) I will do it! Be specific in your requests, so I can write how you want it.

They had just reached the WindClan border when the air seemed to grow colder. Fireheart's fur prickled as an ominous scent hit his nose. Before he could react, a shadow emerged from the undergrowth—Tigerclaw.

"Going somewhere?" Tigerclaw's voice was a low growl, his amber eyes blazing with menace. His massive form loomed over the three younger cats, cutting off their escape.

Ravenpaw froze, his tail trembling. Fireheart and Graystripe moved to stand protectively in front of him, their claws unsheathing. "Leave him alone, Tigerclaw," Fireheart snarled. "He's done nothing to you."

Tigerclaw let out a cold, mirthless laugh. "Nothing to me? He's a coward and a traitor. Do you think I'll let him scurry off and spread lies about me?"

Before Fireheart could respond, Tigerclaw lunged. He struck with the force of a falling tree, slamming both Fireheart and Graystripe to the ground in a single brutal swipe. Winded and dazed, they could only watch in horror as Tigerclaw pinned Ravenpaw beneath one massive paw. The young black tom squirmed and let out a terrified yowl, but Tigerclaw's weight kept him trapped.

"Stop it!" Fireheart choked, struggling against the sharp pain in his

chest. Graystripe clawed at the ground, trying to rise, but Tigerclaw's earlier blow had left him too weak to fight back.

Tigerclaw leaned down, his face inches from Ravenpaw's. "You've always been a pathetic excuse for a warrior," he snarled. "Let's see if you can run now."

With a cruel flick of his paw, he released Ravenpaw. The apprentice scrambled to his paws, his breaths coming in frantic gasps. He turned to run, but he only made it a few tail-lengths before Tigerclaw pounced, slamming him into the ground with a sickening crunch. Ravenpaw's scream pierced the air as Tigerclaw's claws raked down his side, shredding flesh and fur.

Fireheart's vision blurred with rage and helplessness as he struggled to his paws. "Tigerclaw!" he roared, his voice cracking. But Tigerclaw ignored him, focused entirely on the terrified apprentice beneath him.

"Get up, Ravenpaw," Tigerclaw mocked, stepping back for a moment. Ravenpaw staggered, blood streaming from his wounds, his legs trembling as he tried to stand. The moment he did, Tigerclaw lashed out again, sending him sprawling. This time, he sank his teeth into Ravenpaw's throat and shook him like prey, the young tom's body going limp in his jaws.

When Tigerclaw finally let go, Ravenpaw hit the ground with a lifeless thud. His green eyes were wide and unseeing, his body broken and bloodied. Fireheart let out a strangled cry, his legs buckling beneath him.

Tigerclaw turned to face Fireheart and Graystripe, blood dripping from his jaws. "Let this be a lesson," he growled. "Betray me, and you'll end up just like him."

Without another word, he disappeared into the shadows, his chilling laughter lingering in the air.

Graystripe dragged himself to Fireheart's side, his voice shaking. "He's gone... Fireheart, he's gone."

Fireheart stared at Ravenpaw's lifeless body, his heart shattering. "This is my fault," he whispered, his voice trembling. "I should have protected him."

The days that followed were a blur of pain and fury. Fireheart couldn't eat, couldn't sleep. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw Ravenpaw's final moments, heard his dying screams. The guilt consumed him, twisting his grief into a burning need for justice.

From that moment on, Fireheart was a cat driven by vengeance. Every time he faced Tigerclaw, he fought with a ferocity that unnerved even his closest friends. The memory of Ravenpaw's broken body fueled his rage, pushing him to fight harder, to protect those who couldn't protect themselves. And though he rose to become Firestar, the leader ThunderClan needed, he could never forgive himself for failing Ravenpaw.

Break

I am taking a short break from this to work on one of my other stories, Brackenfur's hope which can be found on my wattpad profile. If anyone comments any requests they have on this story, I will do them as soon as I can, but it will still take time. you can also request on reddit, where I am u/Inner_consequence_62 .

Collision Course

based on a request by Trans_Redtail !
Scene: Cinderpaw's Accident

(The camera focuses on a small gray cat bounding through the forest, her legs a blur of motion. Her enthusiasm is palpable—ears forward, tail whipping like a tiny gray rocket.)

Narrator (amused):
"Well, someone's in a hurry. Where's she going? Late for a meeting? Chasing a mouse? Or maybe she's just running for the fun of it. Gotta admit, she's got energy."

(She bursts out of the undergrowth and onto a narrow stretch of road. The distant rumble of a car grows louder.)

Narrator (alarmed):
"Wait, wait—no! That's a road! That's not a playground! STOP, CAT!"

(The little gray cat hesitates for a split second, her wide blue eyes locking onto something on the other side of the road. Then she dashes forward just as a car comes roaring into view.)

Narrator (horrified):
"NO! CAR! CAR! GET OUT OF THE—"

(The impact is sudden and brutal. The car hits her mid-leap, sending her tumbling across the pavement like a rag doll. She skids to a stop, lying motionless as blood pools around her back leg.)

Narrator (in a panic):
"Oh my god. Oh no, no, no. She just got hit! She's—oh, this is bad. This is so bad. Somebody DO something!"

(The camera zooms in on her twisted form. Her leg is bent at an

unnatural angle, blood matting her fur and staining the road. She lets out a weak, pitiful cry, barely moving.)

Narrator (frantic):
"She's alive?! Oh my god, she's alive. But—oh no, that leg. That's broken. That's definitely broken. And there's blood everywhere. How do you even fix this? Do cats have hospitals?!"

(Two larger cats race out of the trees, their fur bristling. One orange and one grey with yellow eyes. They skid to a halt by the injured cat and immediately start fussing over her.)

Narrator:
"Okay, here come her friends—or family? I don't know. The big orange one looks like he's about to have a meltdown. Grey Guy is pacing like crazy. Are they arguing? What's the plan here, guys?!"

(The orange cat leans down and starts licking her face, frantic and desperate, while Stripey Guy prowls the edges of the road, ears flat and tail lashing.)

Narrator:
"Licking? Is that supposed to help? That's not a medical procedure! Oh, wait—he's trying to pick her up. Careful, careful! She's not a chew toy!"

(The orange cat gently grabs her scruff and lifts her, her limp body swaying as he carries her toward the trees. The yellow eyed cat follows close behind, still glancing nervously at the road.)

Narrator (softly):
"Okay. They're taking her somewhere. Maybe to... wherever cats go for this kind of thing. But that leg? That's not something you just walk off. She's in trouble."

(The camera lingers on the bloodstained road as the cats disappear into the forest. The distant hum of the car fades, leaving only the quiet rustle of leaves.)

Narrator (sighing):
"Why do they even cross roads like that? What could possibly be

worth it? Someone needs to teach these guys about crosswalks or bridges or... anything. Poor little thing. She didn't deserve that."

(The screen fades to black as the narrator mutters to themselves.)

Narrator:
"I should've stuck to squirrels."

Soap opera on the burning branch!

based on a great idea/request by Trans_Redtail .
VAUGE SPOILER ALERT: this chapter is based on the fire scene in the power of 3, long shadows.

I'll admit, I've seen some wild animal behavior in my time— a handful of extremely dramatic deaths, cats summoning ghosts of all things, and one very wondersome feat involving a group of cats destroying a beaver dam—but this? This takes the cake.

Perched on the edge of what I now call "Cataclysm Cliff," I was witnessing what could only be described as the feline apocalypse. Smoke billowed everywhere, flames flickered ominously, and three bedraggled cats huddled together like they'd been caught at the world's worst barbecue.

One of them, a golden one, seemed to be doing a motivational speech. I imagined he was saying something like, *"Don't worry, siblings! We'll get through this together! Teamwork makes the dream work!"* Meanwhile, the black one and the blind one looked like they were trying to cough out their lungs, probably wondering why they hadn't stayed home to nap.

And then, through the smoke and chaos, their mom (I think?) appeared. Or maybe their overly protective aunt. She was orange and frantically dragging a branch like her life depended on it. Clearly, she was trying to create a bridge for them to escape the flames. Points for effort, but the branch was already starting to

smolder, so this rescue plan was about as reliable as a soggy paper towel.

But then—plot twist! Enter the villain.

Out of nowhere, a gray cat burst through the smoke. He looked like he'd just rolled through a campfire himself, covered in soot and leaves. And let me tell you, his vibe was *off*. His eyes screamed *unhinged ex,* and when he locked eyes with Orange Cat (who I now realized was his ex), the energy shifted.

Oh, I'd seen this dynamic before: it was like running into your ex at a party when you're holding a drink and trying not to spill it. He looked mad. She looked confused. The branch? Still on fire.

He said something—I have no idea what, obviously—but judging by the way Orange Cat's ears flattened, it was *not* polite. Maybe something like, *"You thought you could just dump me and be happy? THINK AGAIN!"*

Meanwhile, the golden cat puffed up like he was about to start a fight. "Whoa there, buddy," I whispered under my breath, "This is a bad time for heroics. The ground is *literally on fire*."

But Golden Boy wasn't listening to me. He and Gray Ex seemed to be having a staredown. Meanwhile, their sister, the black one, looked like she was deciding whether to jump off the cliff or stay and endure this awkward family drama.

And then Gray Ex made his move. He stepped onto the branch, effectively blocking their only escape route. The audacity! He was *monologuing* now, gesturing wildly at Orange Cat, and she started yelling back. At this point, I figured the argument was about custody of the kids, because the three younger cats kept glancing between them like, *"Uh, is this about us?"*

Then Gray Ex said something that made Orange Cat absolutely *snap*. She squared up, her eyes blazing even brighter than the flames around us. Whatever she said shut him right up. I guessed it was something dramatic, like, *"THEY'RE NOT EVEN YOUR KIDS!"*

The gray cat froze, his jaw dropping. I swear I saw his brain short-circuit. He sputtered something back, but it was clear he had lost the upper paw in this fight. He looked like a balloon someone had just popped, and after a moment, he slunk off into the smoke, muttering under his breath.

With him gone, Orange Cat wasted no time. She shoved the branch into place, and the golden one practically threw his siblings across it like he was packing for a road trip and running late. Blind one stumbled a bit, and Golden Boy had to grab them by the scruff, muttering something that was probably, *"You're welcome."*

As the three of them disappeared into the smoky distance, I sat there, stunned. I had no idea what had just happened, but one thing was clear: cats? Absolutely bonkers.

And next time, I'm bringing popcorn.

Authors note!

Author's Note
Hey everyone,

Just a quick update! From now on, this fanfic is going to be **entirely request and idea-based**. I won't be adding any more chapters on my own for the time being—my creative energy's running a bit low, and I don't want to force anything that doesn't feel right. But if *you* send me an idea? I will absolutely write it. Always. No matter how big or small the request is.

Also—this part is really important to me—I *genuinely* crave comments, honest reviews, votes, suggestions, theories, or even just reactions. Any kind of input from you makes a huge difference and motivates me more than you probably realize. If you're enjoying the fic (or even if you're not!), I'd love to hear from you.

One last thing—would you prefer if I rearranged the chapters in **chronological order** (based on when they happen in the story) to help avoid spoilers and make things clearer? Let me know your thoughts.

Thanks for being here and reading—it means a lot.
—Swiftpaw2